Dol. Truly you are a moſt ſweet old man, as euer I ſaw; by my troth, you haue a face able to make any woman in loue with you.

Har. Fill ſweet Doll, Ile drinke to thee.

Doll. I pledge you ſir, and thanke you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

harp. Imbracing her. Doll, canſt thou loue me? a mad merie Laſſe, would to God I had neuer ſeene thee.

Doll. I warrant you you will not out of my thoughts this tweluemonth, truely you are as full of fauour, as a man may be. Ah theſe ſweet gray lockes, by my troth, they are moſt louely.

Con. Cuds bores M. *harpoole*, Ile haue one buſſe too.

har. No licking for you Conſtable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I loue kiſſing as well as you.

Doll. Oh you are an odde boy, you haue a wanton eye of your owne: ah you ſweete ſugar-lipt wanton, you will win as manie womens hearts as come in your companie.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Doll, come hither.

har. Prieſt, ſhe ſhall not.

Doll. Ile come anon, ſweete loue.

Pri. Hand off, old fornicator.

har. Vicar, Ile ſit here in ſpight of thee, is this fitte ſtuffe for a Prieſt to carrie vp and downe with him?

Prieſt. Sirra, Doſt thou not know that a good fellow parſon may haue a chappell of eaſe, where his pariſh Church is farre off?

harp. You whoreſon ſton'd Vicar.

Prieſt. You old ſtale Ruffin, you Lyon of Cotſoll.

har. Zounds Vicar, Ile geld you. *Flyes vpon him.*

Con. Keepe the Kings peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder.

Aleman. Hold, as you are men, hold; for Gods ſake be quiet: put vp your weapons, you draw not in my houſe.

har. You whoreſon bawdy Prieſt.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. You old mutton-monger.

Con. Hold ſir Iohn, hold.

Doll. I pray thee ſweete heart be quiet, I was but to drinke a pot of Ale with him, euen as kinde a ma uer I met with.

Har. Thou art a Theeſe I warrant thee.

Prieſt. Then I am but as thou haſt bene in thy day not be aſhamed of our Trade, the King has bene a himſelfe.

Dol. Come, be quiet, haſt thou ſped?

Prieſt. I haue wench, here be crownes yfaith.

Dol. Come, let's be all friends then.

Con. Well ſaid Miſtris Dorothy.

Har. Thou art the maddeſt Prieſt that ere I met

Prieſt. Giue me thy hand, thou art as good a fello I am a ſinger, a drinker, a bencher, a wencher; I c Maſſe, and kiſſe a Laſſe: Faith, I haue a parſonage, cauſe I would not be at too much charges, this w ueth me for a Sexton.

Harp. Wel ſaid mad prieſt, weel in & be friends

Enter ſir Roger Acton, M. Bourne, M. Beuerley, an Murley the Brewer of Dunſtable.

Acton. Now maſter Murley, I am well aſſur'd You know our arrant, and do like the cauſe, Being a man affected as wee are?

Mu. Marry God dild yee dainty my deare: N good ſir Roger Acton, M. Bourne, and M. Beuerle men and Iuſtices of the peace, no maſter I but pl liam Murley the brewer of Dunſtable your hon bour and your friend, if ye be men of my profeſſio

Beuer. Profeſſed friends to Wickliffe, foes to P

Mur. Hold by me Lad, leane vpon that ſtaffe ſter *Beuerley*, all of a houſe, ſay your mind, ſay yo

Acton. You know our faction now is growne Throughout the Realme, that it begins to ſmoa Into the Clergies eyes, and the Kings eares,